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Ah! little think the keeners lonely,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 They weep some time-worn fairy only,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 Within our magic halls of brightness,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 Trips many a foot of snowy whiteness,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 Stolen maidens, queens of Faëry,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 And kings and chiefs, a Slua-shee\* airy,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 Rest thee, babe! I love thee dearly,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 And as thy mortal mother nearly,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 Ours is the swiftest steed and proudest,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 That moves where the tramp of the host is loudest,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 Rest thee, babe! for soon thy slumbers,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 Shall flee at the magic koelshee† numbers  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!  
 Where branchy trees to the breeze are sweeping,  
 Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

"Mary remained all day in the fairy castle, fondling and playing with the baby; and when evening came, the lady promised she should see him to-morrow; and then she brought her outside the fort, just as her brothers were returning home from school. They were much surprised where Mary could have spent the day; and when they went home, she told how she met the lady, and how she saw the little baby, and how the lady made her promise to call again to-morrow.

"For some time before this, James Roche's cattle were dying very fast of the Karugh dubh; and when the little girl was going with the boys in the morning, her mother bid her not go into the fort till the lady would first promise to give her a cure for the cows. So she went to school, and, passing by Lisroe, she saw the lady at the ould place.

"Mary," says she, "how's all at home? Won't you step in to see your little brother, the crather?"

"I can't go in to-day, Ma'am," said Mary, "for the boys tould o' me yesterday, and then my mammy scowlded me; and she's has raison enough, ma'am, to be cross these times."

"What raison, avourneen bawn?" said the lady.

"Why, Ma'am, there's hardly a day that one of the cows doesn't dhrop dead; and though my father went all the way to Kerry to Jack Maunsel that sees all the good people, he could do nothing for them."

"Well, come in, a cuid," said the lady, "and play with the baby, and I'll give you a beautiful cure for the cows in the evening."

"When Mary Roche came home, and told her mother the resate for the cows, the honest woman, well became her, put down a fine boiler, and filled it with water; and when it was very hot, she added to it soot from the cool-lughta, dung from the hen-roost, three handfuls of thatch from over the door, and nine cloheena-greena,‡ throwing away the tenth. Then she stripped her little girl mother-naked, and plunged her over head and ears, and washed and cleaned her well in it; and when she put her to bed, she washed the cows all over in the same manner, according to the directions Mary got. The little thing was sent to school next day all unwashed, and smelling shockingly from last night's bathing. The lady of Lisroe stood smiling at the gap of the fort; but, as Mary drew nigh, she started back in horror, and, houlding her nose with signs of great disgust, beckoned the little girl to depart; and then raising her voice in anger, 'Dunis duish er da Dia-

yunah,"\* she cried; and as the child ran away, 'Mary Roche,' said she, 'thank yer own nastiness for your safety, but you shall not entirely escape, for your first childbirth makes you mine for ever.'"

The arrival of the priest had now put the various crowd into motion; but while his auditors hastened to secure their places in the chapel, the story-teller advanced to salute the priest; for Conohore Mac Lien at no time neglected to pay due veneration to Father Prout. E. W.

\*. Notwithstanding all that has been done in the way of education, every syllable of the foregoing is implicitly credited by the peasantry of the neighbourhood in which the occurrence is said to have taken place.

#### THE ELEPHANT.

Having given in our 165th Number an engraving of the above animal, and in our 145th a lengthened description, we now allude to it, simply to say that there is at present in the Gardens in the Park a fine young animal obtained by the Society here from the Zoological Society of London.

#### ELEPHANT HUNTING.

The manner in which the Abyssinians kill the elephant is as follows: Two men, absolutely naked, mount a single horse; one has nothing in his hand but a switch or short stick which he uses to manage the horse, while his comrade, armed with a broad sword, sits patiently behind him. As soon as the elephant is discovered feeding, the horsemen ride before him as near his face as possible, and, crossing him in all directions, they each vauntingly exclaim, 'I am such a man, and such a man; this is my horse, that has such a name; I killed your father in such a place, and your grandfather in such another place, and now I am come to kill you, who are but an ass in comparison to them!' This nonsense (which is used by the Abyssinians to almost every description of enemy) the man actually fancies is understood by this enormous animal, who, getting at last vexed and angry at being 'so pestered by a popinjay,' rushes at the horse, following and turning after him, to endeavour to seize him with his trunk, or, by one blow with it, to level him with the dust. While he is thus occupied, the horseman suddenly wheels about, and then rapidly riding past the animal, the swordsmen suddenly slips off, and cuts the elephant's tendon just above the heel of the hind leg. The horseman again wheels, and, returning at full gallop, his companion vaults up behind him. The mischief being done, and the poor victim, as it were, tethered to the ground, the horsemen leave him to search for another of the herd, while a party on foot attack him with lances, and at last put an end to his sufferings and his life. One of the greatest dangers in riding after the elephant proceeds from the stumps of the trees which he breaks in forcing his way among them, and also from the young trees, which, bending without breaking, recoil with such violence that they have often been known to dash both horse and rider to the ground; whereupon the elephant generally turns, and, trampling on his tiny enemy, luxuriously tears 'the lord of the creation' limb by limb to pieces. Besides this, the soil, like that of all hot countries during the dry season, is cracked, and split into such deep chasms, that riding is attended with very great danger.—*Life of Bruce.*

#### TROPICAL VEGETATION.

It is in the torrid latitudes that nature displays all her magnificence. There the species of tribes, which in other climates are herbaceous, become shrubs, and the shrubs trees. Ferns rise into trunks equal to those of pines in the northern regions of Europe; balsams, gums, and resins, exude from the bark; aromatic fruits and flowers abound; and the savage, as he roams the wood, satisfies his hunger with the spontaneous offerings of the soil. Here also are all the climates of the globe, and almost all their productions united; for while the plains are covered with the gorgeous vegetation of the tropics, the lofty mountains display the forms that occur in the colder regions; and the places intermediate in elevation, all the graduated transitions from these to the warmest parallels.

\* Fairy hosts.

† Fairy music.

‡ Clogh-grena, or sun-stone, is the small semi-transparent stone found scattered over the surface of our fields. It is supposed to be of powerful effect in obviating the force of fairyism.

\* The primal curse attend your teacher.